

What Happened to the Joy of Being a Mother? **By Roy Goodlet**

There was a lady from Shunem in 2 Kings 4. She was hospitable and respectable. As for hospitable her home was part of her ministry. Her home was not meant to be the neighborhood showplace with the finest decorations and furniture. It was a means of serving others for the sake of her Lord. As for being respectable, the way she treated others was relevant to how she treated God. She was compassionate. Our story pictures something that may have happened to many of other mothers. Her child was ill. You know, those times when your child gets quiet and just wants to sit in your lap. They just want you. They want your comfort. They feel protected. But you know you aren't in control of the illness. The mother from Shunem was not in control either. We are told that during the morning the boy was being held by his mother in her lap until noon when he died. She was also hopeful. Although her son was dead, she did not give up. She knew God worked a miracle before when He brought her son into the world, and she knew He could do it again. She had a hope for a better outcome. She was patient. She patiently waited for the outcome. This mother had not given up. But, there did come a time when she had to realize that the complete raising of her child was out of her hands, and that she had to turn her child over to God. She knew God could do much more, and she was right.

Okay moms, let's get down to business. The first thing we need to acknowledge is that being a mother is not always fun and games, so don't become disappointed when you find out it isn't. It isn't easy to be a mother, and nobody promised you it would be. As one person, said, "That is why it all started with something called labor." But being a mother can still be a joy.

Moms, you are not a mother just because you gave birth to a child. A lot of women do that every day, but their character does not come close to being what a mother's should be. A mother not only brings their children into this world, but they see them all the way through it, and she points them to a life after this world. That's more important than your outward beauty. This is what makes a mother beautiful to her children.

I want to remember my mom as a soft and tender lady. I want to remember the times she would soothe my hurts and just scratch my back when I was fidgety in church. I want to remember the tender way she spoke to me. Yes, there were times she had to raise her voice and punish me, but I want to remember those times as being few in comparison to the times she just loved me for who I was.

*Roy Goodlet is a retired minister and a member of Murphy Church of Christ.
Email him at royfcc@yahoo.com.*